

LITTLE THINGS.
Only a little thing—a word or two—no more.
But it placed with a tiny sting, and left a true
heart sore.
It hushed while the music that hearts alone
can hear.
And dimmed the inward sunshine that else had
been so clear.
Only a little thing—a word—a smile—a slight
One could not tell the reason why it made the
day so bright.
Why it brought the light of Heaven so close to
the troubled heart.
And cleared the dusky shadows—like morning
mists—apart.
Only a little thing—the breadth of a hair—so
small—
That either eye nor ear could trace its silent
fall.
Yet it turned sweet chords to discord, and
landed the soul in sore.
And all that had been banished can the an-
gust breathe once more.
Only a little thing—a withering breath that
blew
O'er the exquisite bloom of the flower, and
dulled its tender glow.
Yet no ear again shall it smile at the kiss of the
morning sun.
For the soul of its beauty hath vanished, and its
fragile life is done.
Only a little thing—yet from small beginnings
flow
The wondrous ways of life, from whence a
world might grow—
And in tiny germs may lurk the poison-bear-
ing breath
That may lay the hope of a nation low in the
grasp of death.
Only a little thing—yet smallest things may
grow
To mighty future issues, that now we cannot
know.
And hushing the little things with a soft and
reverent touch.
We all prove that the faithful in little is the
faithful, too, in much.
—Agnes Macfar, in Chicago Interior.

THE BLESSED BURGLARS.

BY GEORGE A. WESTLEY.

"My first burglary," remarked Uncle Bob suddenly, as Dicky and he sat on the piazza together, "was committed when I was a boy of twelve."

"What! You committed a burglary—you, Uncle Bob?" cried Dicky in dismay. "Oh, that was an awful thing to do!"

"Not such a very awful thing the way we did it," said Uncle Bob, calmly. "Listen and I will tell you about it."

Teddy Gordon, my school chum, was the swiftest runner in Pokenville. One Fourth of July he captured no less than fifty dollars in prizes. Next morning I met him coming down the road.

"Hello, Teddy," said I, "decided what to do with your money yet?"

"Yes," he replied, "I'm going into the burglar business."

"Ted Gordon, have you clean gone out of your senses? What on earth do you mean?"

"Exactly what I say," replied Ted, calmly. "I've got my eye on an easy house to begin on, and look here, Bob, I'm going to take you into partnership."

"Well, not if I know it," said I, my eyes opening wide with amazement at Ted's coolness.

In the first place it's dead wrong, and in the second it's very dangerous.

"Oh, I guess you will join me in this, enterprise all right," responded Ted with a smile. "Now listen."

Looking cautiously about to see that there was no chance of being overheard, Ted unfolded his plan.

"Why, it's splendid scheme!" I broke out presently. "Of course I'll join you. And look here, Ted, the old lady hasn't got any building or anything, and I don't believe she even looks her door nights. Come along now, and let us get together our things."

And arm in arm we strolled down the street, maturing our plans as we went.

Miss Judith Brown, or "Aunt Judy," as she was often called, lived in a somewhat dilapidated little cottage about half a mile down the road. The poor old lady had recently fallen on evil times. The hundred-dollar income with which she had for years managed to keep body and soul together was suddenly cut down to one-half that amount. And to make matters worse her eyes began to fail her, so that she could no longer add to her small income by her sewing and fancy work.

So, altogether, matters were looking about as black and gloomy as they well could.

The carpet in her little sitting-room was very threadbare, the chairs old and rickety, and as for the table, it could scarcely support the few cracked dishes her frugal meal required her to put upon it.

Occasionally Aunt Judy had a lady visitor and then with what mortification the poor woman was compelled to set before her caller chipped cups and saucers, and to warn her not to bear too heavily on the chair upon which she was sitting, only a few of her acquaintances knew.

"Tilly," she said one evening to the little colored girl she kept more for company than anything else. "Tilly, to-morrow when you go down to the grocer's, see if he won't give you another soap-box. We must save the chairs for our callers."

This evening after the Fourth she was feeling very down-hearted indeed. It looked as though she would have to openly appeal to charity, and this she had never been driven to before. It was so hard to do, so hard.

A little after eight o'clock, Tilly retired to her chamber up under the eaves, and soon they were fast asleep.

About ten o'clock when all was dark and still, a wagon drove up, and turning out from the road stopped on the other side of Aunt Judy's back yard fence. Here it lay completely hidden both from the house and from the street.

Three minutes later Ted and I poked our heads above the boards, and seeing that no one had been disturbed we climbed lightly over and crept up to the back door. As we expected, it was only on the latch, for if there was anything that Aunt Judy had no occasion to fear, it was the midnight thief. Once inside the house, we drew down the blinds and lighted our bull's-eye lanterns. The old cat looked up at us in surprise from the kitchen hearth, and then, evidently considering the idea of burglars too absurd to entertain for a moment, again dropped off to sleep.

In the kitchen we quietly removed our shoes in true burglar fashion and crept forward. The scene of our operations was the sitting-room.

"Bliss!" whispered Ted, "gently, now. If we are discovered we are found."

The situation lent the old chestnut fresh pungency. And it was as much as we could do to keep from bursting into a roar of laughter. We got on

risibles under control, however, and set to work.

Gathering up as many chairs as we could bear off without noise we carried them to the door back. After that we took the table, then with much difficulty we lugged off the rickety old sofa.

Next we took a couple of armfuls of odds and ends, and finally plucking up the threadbare carpet by the roots we bore it off, chuckling to ourselves, for we had completely denuded the room.

Pulling on our boots we now carried our booty to the wagon, and then—well, half an hour later Ted and I were well along the road on our way back.

"Hal hal hal!" I roared, as soon as we were out of earshot, "that's the greatest lark out. Oh, but won't the old lady be surprised, though?"

Ted was more serious. He evidently felt his responsibility as originator and backer of the affair. "I say, Bob," he whispered, "what do you suppose they'll say if we're found out?"

The only reply I could make was another scream of laughter.

When Tilly came down in the morning to light the fire her eyes almost popped out of her head with amazement at the scene before her.

As soon as she had recovered herself she rushed upstairs. On reaching the first flight, however, she paused as an idea entered her mind and stood leaning against the banister. Then, with a broad grin, for her decision seemed to amuse her greatly, she ran up and burst into Aunt Judy's room.

"Oh, Missie! Missie!" she cried. "It's all gone, Missie! The robbers have taken all your furniture. It's all gone, Missie, even to the carpet and spoons and everything!"

Poor Aunt Judy's face was a sight to behold. In trembling haste she threw on her wrapper and hurried downstairs.

Pushing open the parlor door, the excited old lady received a shock which well-nigh took her off her feet. There before her was a brand new set of furniture, chairs, sofa and table, the latter spread with a nice white table cloth and with bright new knives and forks and spoons, and pretty cups and saucers upon it, the like of which she never expected to see in her little home again.

In the center of the room was laid a nice large rug, and stuck up in the corner was a roll of hand-some carpeting sufficient to cover the border of floor that was yet exposed.

With a quick glance the astounded woman took it all in, and then she dropped on her knees and sobbed aloud. For some minutes she remained thus, her head buried in her hands, and then rising, her face greatly brightened, she said simply: "Make some tea, Tilly; we must christen our new teapot."

As Tilly lifted the cover of that article, something green flashed to her eye from the inside. She shook it out.

"Oh, look, Missie," she cried, "look here. Money! See! Ten, ten, five—twenty-five dollars. Oh, Missie, this is just great. The Lord is good, isn't He?"

"Child," replied Aunt Judy— and then the old lady began suddenly upon her, she said, "but we'll have to find out who did it and send them back. We mustn't keep them, Tilly. It's too much like charity."

A little later, when the minister was going by, she called him to advise her. No matter what his arguments were, he had well-nigh persuaded her to accept the gift, when, question, when Tilly disclosed matters.

"Sides, Missie," she said offering her speech as a supplement to the minister's, "the burglars got your furniture, didn't they? Time enough to give up the new things when they bring back the old ones."

"I will keep them," said Aunt Judy, smiling, and so the thing was settled.

"Were you ever found out, Uncle Bob?" inquired Dicky.

"Yes," the newspaper got hold of the affair, and pretty soon Teddy and I were known all over town as 'The Blessed Burglars.' But before this happened the minister, at Aunt Judy's request, had inserted this little item:

"REWARD OFFERED.
"Any person giving information concerning the burglars who entered the premises of Miss Judith Brown, on the night of July 3, will receive a thousand thanks. As for the burglars themselves, Miss Brown would be greatly pleased to have them call upon her some evening while she is awake, to receive the gratitude their kindness and consideration deserve."—Inter Ocean.

HE FEED THE PRINCE.
Texas Jack's Way of Settling Little Difficulties.

The following story is going the rounds of social circles in Copehagen: The crown prince, who loves to take long walks, was promenading the other day along the Strand when he came across one of the toll-keepers.

After paying the toll he began a conversation with the good man, sitting on the bench which the keeper occupied. A few minutes later a rider came running toward them. The crown prince recognized him as "Texas Jack," who had ridden in several races recently. The sportsman neither knew the crown prince nor that he was paying toll for the privilege of using the street. The keeper was obliged to catch the bride of "Texas Jack's" steed, as, speaking no Danish, the latter did not understand the demands made upon him, and wished to push by. "Texas Jack" was growing angry when his royal highness stepped forward and announced in English that users of that way had to pay ten coppers.

Upon hearing this, the long-haired rider at once put his hand in his pocket, pulled out twenty coppers, and gave the money to the crown prince. The latter offered to return him fifteen coppers, but the Yankee, with a majestic wave of his whip, told the crown prince to keep the change as a reward for helping him out of his difficulty.

On the following day the crown prince went to the races. Among the competitors was "Texas Jack." A few minutes before he was to show the skill of himself and horse, he rode up in front of the royal pavilion to make the customary obeisance to the king. But he almost dropped his reins when looking up, he saw the man to whom he had given the fee on the preceding day occupying the place reserved for the crown prince. His royal highness greeted him, however, most heartily, and "Texas Jack" rode away smiling and to victory. —N. Y. Tribune.

A Sequence.
"How intelligent Melissa is!"
"Yes; she is homely, isn't she?"
—Frank.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Donald Frazier, president of the National Bank of China, in Hong Kong, says that Li Hung Chang is worth \$500,000,000, and has no more patriotism than the rest of the corrupt Chinese officialdom.

—Emperor William's stud was the most successful one on the turf in this country this year, winning \$53,000, which is considerably less than half the amount of the winnings of the leading turfmen of the season in this country.

—Mr. Gladstone has never promoted his eldest son, the rector of Hawarden, or his son-in-law, Rev. Harry Drew. There is not a single member of the family who does not earn his or her daily bread, and there is not a title among them.

—Mr. C. P. Huntington has built a granite mausoleum in Woodlawn cemetery, of which the architecture is copied from a Doric temple and which contains places for sixteen coffins. The cost of the post-mortem luxury was about \$20,000.

—Miss Sterling has a model farm at Ayerford, N. S., to which she brings destitute children from Scotland and educates them to trades. She has a gristmill, sawmill, and various workshops on the place, and generally has about one hundred little waifs in training for useful lives.

—Gottlieb von Klackenborg, a South African boer, has two racing ostriches. One of them has developed a speed of twenty-two miles an hour and has a stride of fourteen feet. The breeding of ostriches for racing purposes has been seriously interfered with by the passage of an anti-betting law by the English government.

—When the late Oliver Wendell Holmes was in the zenith of his career as an anonymous writer to him a few lines of verse and asked Dr. Holmes' opinion as to the worth while of the writer's continuing to write poetry. "Yes, by all means," replied the doctor. His correspondent was Bret Harte, then a California newspaper reporter.

—In the life of the late Dean Buckland, which has just appeared in England, it is related that one time "he and a friend riding toward London on a very dark night, lost their way; Buckland therefore dismounted, and, taking up a handful of earth, smelled it. 'Exquisite!' he exclaimed, his geological nose telling him the precise locality."

—Mrs. Levi P. Morton is a rich woman in her own right, having inherited a fortune from her father. She was a Miss Street and her girlhood was passed amid all the luxuries that money could procure. She is a fine musician and an accomplished linguist. More than that, she is an agreeable and beautiful woman, with charming manners. Her flock of young daughters are equally as interesting and give promise of being ornaments to society when they are "brought out."

—One of the brightest women in Washington is the wife of L. S. Bartlett, who is Representative Coffey's private secretary and a well known politician of Wyoming. Mrs. Bartlett enjoys the distinction of being the only woman in the United States to be voted for in a legislature for United States senator. She was given the highest clerkship of the Wyoming legislature and when that body engaged in a deadlock over the senatorship about a year ago the five populist members cast their votes for Mrs. Bartlett, amid great applause from the galleries.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."
—Miss Underhill—"I have been told that they are poor. I think we had better break our relations." Stewart—"I have broken all mine already."—Truth.

—Pushpen—"Do you suppose that I could get a bigger price for my poem if I had it set to music?" Jolliem—"No. You'd have to sell it for a song, then."—Harlem Life.

—Neighbor—"You have a large family to support, Mr. Finckley, is that right?" "I have that, mum; and the honest didn't all earn their own living!" "I couldn't do it all at all."—"Tut-tut."—Intimate Friend—"Has your husband's love grown cool?" Sarcastic wife—"Oh, no. He loves himself just as much now as he did when we were married twenty years ago."—Somerville Journal.

—I think Miss Smith and Mr. Jones must be engaged; they have had their portraits taken together."—"Indeed? I am glad to hear it. I knew when I introduced them that she would be taken with him."—N. Y. Press.

—Scientists are now telling us that the dangerous microbe is lurking in the bank note. Those in arrears for subscription can send the amount to Southampton Street, where we have the facilities to disinfect them, and are willing to take the risk.—"Tut-tut."

—"An' that's a crysanthemum," said Mr. Dolan, deeply interested. "It is," replied his wife, who had been indulging in some floral purchase. "Well, a wonderful flower it is. If the thing could only bark, it'd be as fine as a key-terrier or y'd want to see."—Washington Star.

—"The Best Man"—"It's a fine black eye, yez has on yez mornin', Tim." remarked a friend who was encountered on his way to the city hall. "It is that. I was at a weddin' last night. I got there early an' they asked me to receive the guests. A Jude was one of the first to turn up. 'Who are yez?' sez I. 'O'm the best man,' says he. An' faith he was."—Chicago Dispatch.

—Willie's Confidential Weakness.—James Whitcomb Riley's fondness for children is a well-known characteristic of the "Hoosier" poet, and his keen appreciation of their quaint sayings is illustrated in the following dialogue he claims to have overheard, and which he related at a recent luncheon: "I don't like Willie's talk," the first youngster asserted emphatically. "Why not?" he was asked. "Cause every night he goes and blabs everything to God."—N. Y. Tribune.

—Tommy's Storm Signals.—Rev. Dr. Fourthly, accompanied by Mrs. Fourthly, was making a pastoral call at the Shackelford dwelling, and had unconsciously prolonged his stay until the afternoon sun was low in the sky and Tommy Shackelford had begun to grow hungry. Burning with righteous indignation, and moved by a strong sense of personal ill treatment, Tommy strode into the parlor. "Naw," he said, in a high-pitched voice, "you'd better get a gait on you. If paw comes home an' finds supper ain't ready again, he'll tell the darndest row over you went anywhere."—Chicago Tribune.

FARM AND GARDEN.

HOG CHOLERA REMEDY.

Official Report on the Treatment and Prevention of the Disease.

With estimated losses of between \$10,000,000 and \$25,000,000 from hog cholera and swine plague in the United States, the discussion of the treatment and means of prevention of these diseases in a bulletin issued by the agricultural department is of great value to the farmers of this country.

The bureau of animal industry has been conducting an exhaustive investigation of this subject and finds that the agents which destroy the germs of one of these fatal diseases are also effective in destruction of the germs of the other. Both are spread by infection and their course varies from one day to three weeks. Both are caused by bacteria. The germs of hog cholera, says the report, are very hardy and vigorous, while those of the swine plague are very delicate and easily destroyed. The latter are found to be present in practically all herds of swine, but the former must be introduced from infected herds.

The most efficient virus remedy tried by the government's agents is the following: Wood, charcoal, sulphur, sodium sulphate and antimony sulphide, one pound each; sodium chloride, sodium bicarbonate, sodium hypophosphate, two pounds each. These are to be completely pulverized and mixed, and a daily dose of a large tablespoonful for each 200 pounds weight of hogs given. The medicine may be used also as a preventative of these diseases. It should be put in the feed of the whole herd. To insure successful treatment the animals should be kept in dry and comfortable quarters away from drafts of air. Five or six months should be allowed to elapse after an outbreak before new hogs are purchased or any of the old herd sold.

The report recommends a rigid quarantining of newly-bought hogs and the prevention of their taking those already on the farm for at least six weeks. During the warm months of the year the swine should have plenty of young grass or clover; crushed or rolled wheat should be fed to the growing animals.

HANGING FEED RACK.

A Convenient Thing for Farmers Where There Are Racks.

The usual method of feeding sheep has a number of disadvantages. When fed from the floor adjacent to their pen, the lambs are quite sure to be found walking all over the hay and grain, and making themselves generally at home in the uttermost parts of the barn. The sheep, moreover, wear off the wool from their necks and disfigure themselves when feeding through openings in the side of their pen. Where the fodder is thrown down from the floor above the pen an arrangement such as is shown in the illustration may be found serviceable. It is a hanging rack with slats all around it and made narrow at the bottom, so that the flock can reach even the last spear of hay. There will be

no crowding with such an arrangement. The sheep will not be soiled, and the pen can be kept closed so that the lambs cannot escape from it. Even when the fodder is not thrown down from the floor above such a rack may be hung near the side of the pen, and the hay thrown over into it from the feeding floor, giving much more feeding space to the flock than would a rack nailed against the side of the pen.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Judgment in Cattle Feeding.
Cattle feeding and handling is a large subject and only general principles are to be laid down. No hard and fast rules for feeding are now known, and doubtless some ever will be known, is the conclusion of the Wisconsin and Connecticut experiment stations. It is nevertheless true that the man who exercises the largest amount of good judgment, based upon all the most advanced science can bring him, and who tries to put into practice the knowledge thus acquired, will be much wiser of success than one who works blindly. There may be no "best" breed, no "best" ration and no "best" way of handling dairy stock, but there are poor cows, uneconomical rations and bad ways of handling, and the man who learns to avoid the bad and choose the better is well on the road toward the best.

Charcoal for Corn-Fed Hogs.
A diet wholly of corn is very hard to digest. If food does not digest in the stomach it must sour, for its temperature is always at 98 degrees, which is extreme heat for a summer's day. When souring of the stomach occurs, it is remedied by feeding charcoal. This is not, however, a permanent remedy. The charcoal is carbonaceous, and therefore the larger part of it is like the corn. It is the potash mixed with it that corrects the acidity. But the best way is not to let the stomach get sour. Feed even the fattening hogs some fine wheat, millings with milk and a few sliced beets daily. This will keep their digestion good, and when food digests it does not sour on the stomach.—Rural World.

The Law on Private Drainage.
No person has any right to use the public highway for the construction of drains for the benefit of his own private property. But where it is done and the proper road officers do not object or do not order such drains filled up, the owners of property adjoining are practically without remedy in the matter. Where a person has constructed such ditch and it passes along the highway in front of the land of another, he cannot prevent the owner of such land from draining his land into such ditch.—Ohio Farmer.

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—In 1779 the combined French and Spanish land and sea forces besieged Gibraltar, closely investing the place until September 13, 1782, when the most memorable attack that history records was made upon it. Forty-six lines-of-battle ships, three hundred gun and mortar boats, together with a great fleet of specially-constructed armored floating batteries, included the rock, and daily hurled thousands of tons of iron against its scraggy sides. This frightful assault was maintained and successfully resisted for several months, and it was not until 1782, when peace was declared, that the siege was raised, and the English left masters of the place they had defended without cessation for four weary years.

FATHER.—I do not require that the man who marries my daughter shall be rich. All that I ask is that he be able to keep out of debt. "Sutor."—Would you consider a man in debt who borrows money from his father-in-law?—Life.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 31, 1894.

CATTLE.—Native Steers, \$3.90 to \$4.40; Foreign Steers, \$3.50 to \$4.00; HOGS, \$4.00 to \$4.50; SHEEP, \$3.50 to \$4.00; PORK, \$10.00 to \$11.00; BUTTER, \$15.00 to \$16.00; EGGS, \$1.00 to \$1.10; CORN, \$1.00 to \$1.10; WHEAT, \$1.00 to \$1.10; OATS, \$1.00 to \$1.10; RICE, \$1.00 to \$1.10; SUGAR, \$1.00 to \$1.10; COFFEE, \$1.00 to \$1.10; TEA, \$1.00 to \$1.10; SPICES, \$1.00 to \$1.10; FLOUR, \$1.00 to \$1.10; CLOTH, \$1.00 to \$1.10; COTTON, \$1.00 to \$1.10; WOOL, \$1.00 to \$1.10; LUMBER, \$1.00 to \$1.10; IRON, \$1.00 to \$1.10; STEEL, \$1.00 to \$1.10; PAINT, \$1.00 to \$1.10; GLASS, \$1.00 to \$1.10; CEMENT, \$1.00 to \$1.10; SOAP, \$1.00 to \$1.10; CANDLES, \$1.00 to \$1.10; TOBACCO, \$1.00 to \$1.10; SALT, \$1.00 to \$1.10; POTASH, \$1.00 to \$1.10; SULPHUR, \$1.00 to \$1.10; NITRATE, \$1.00 to \$1.10; PHOSPHATE, \$1.00 to \$1.10; LIME, \$1.00 to \$1.10; GYPSUM, \$1.00 to \$1.10; CEMENT, \$1.00 to \$1.10; SOAP, \$1.00 to \$1.10; CANDLES, \$1.00 to \$1.10; TOBACCO, \$1.00 to \$1.10; 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